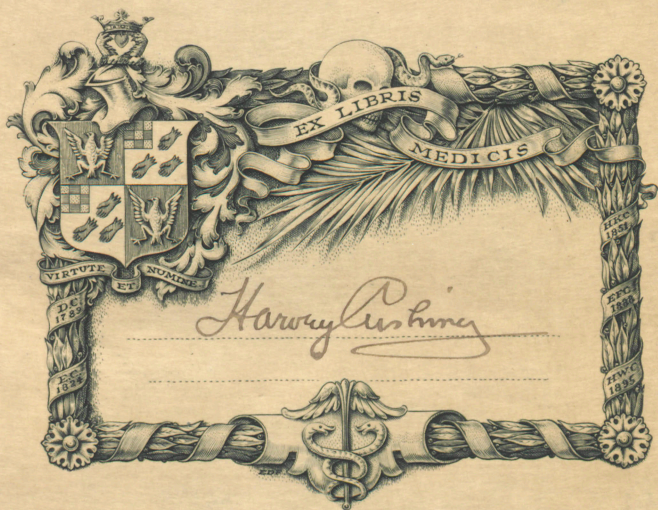


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THE
Dispensary.
A
POEM.

In Six *CANTO'S*.

Quod licet, libet.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N,

Printed: And Sold by *John Nutt*, near
Stationers-Hall, 1703.

THE
DIPLOMAT

P. O. BOX

IN SIX CANTONS

OF THE

THE FIFTH EDITION

OF THE

CONTAINED: And sold by John W. ...
with a ...
...
...

T O

Anthony Henley, *Esquire.*

A Man of your Character can no more Prevent a Dedication, than he wou'd Encourage one; for Merit, like a Virgin's Blushes, is still most discover'd, when it labours most to be conceal'd.

'Tis hard, that to think well of you, shou'd be but Justice, and to tell you so, shou'd be an Offence: Thus rather than violate your Modesty, I must be wanting to your other Virtues; and to gratifie One good Quality, do wrong to a Thousand.

The World generally measures our Esteem by the Ardour of our Pretences; and will scarce believe that so much Zeal in the Heart, can be consistent with so much Faintness in the Expressions; but when they reflect on your Readiness to do Good, and your Industry to hide it; on your Passion to oblige, and your Pain to hear it own'd; They'll conclude,
that

Dedication.

that Acknowledgments wou'd be Ungrateful to a Person, who ev'n seems to receive the Obligations he confers.

But tho' I shou'd perswade my self to be silent upon all Occasions; those more Polite Arts, which, 'till of late, have Languish'd and Decay'd, wou'd appear under their present Advantages, and own you for one of their generous Restorers: Insomuch, that Sculpture now Breaths, Painting Speaks, Musick Ravishes; and as you help to refine Our Taste, you distinguish your Own.

Your Approbation of this Poem, is the only Exception to the Opinion the World has of your Judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much, as what you Write your self: But you are resolv'd to forget to be a Critick, by remembring you are a Friend. To say more, wou'd be uneasie to you, and to say less, wou'd be unjust in

Your Humble Servant.

THE

PREFACE.

SINCE this following Poem in a manner stole into the World, I cou'd not be surpriz'd to find it uncorrect; Tho' I can no more say I was a Stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approv'd of the Publisher's Precipitation in doing it: For a Hurry in the Execution, generally produces a Leisure in Reflection; so when we run the fastest, we stumble the ofttest. However, the Errors of the Printer have not been greater than the Candor of the Reader: And if I cou'd but say the same of the Defects of the Author, he'd need no Justification against the Cavils of some furious Criticks, who, I am sure, wou'd have been better pleas'd if they had met with more Faults.

Their

The Preface.

Their Grand Objection is, That the *Fury Disease* is an improper Machine to recite Characters, and recommend the Example of present Writers: But tho' I had the Authority of some *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, upon parallel Instances, to justify the Design; yet, that I might not introduce any thing that seem'd inconsistent or hard, I started this Objection my self, to a Gentleman very remarkable in this sort of Criticism, who wou'd by no means allow that the Contrivance was forc'd, or the Conduct incongruous.

Disease is represented a *Fury* as well as *Envy*: She is imagin'd to be forc'd by an Incantation from her Recess; and to be reveng'd on the Exorcist, mortifies him with an Introduction of several Persons eminent in an Accomplishment He has made some Advances in.

Nor is the Compliment less to any Great Genius mention'd there; since a very Fiend, who naturally repines at any Excellency, is forc'd to confess how happily They've all succeeded,

Their

The Preface.

Their next Objection is, That I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monsieur Boileau. I must own I am proud of the Imputation: unless their Quarrel be, That I have not done it enough: But he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copy'd him in nothing but in two or three Lines in the Complaint of *Moleffe*, *Canto* II. and in one in his First *Canto*; the Sense of which Line is entirely his, and I cou'd wish it were not the only good One in mine.

I have spoke to the most material Objections I have heard of, and shall tell these Gentlemen, That for ev'ry Fault they pretend to find in this *Poem*, I'll undertake to shew them two. One of these curious Persons does me the Honour to say, He approves of the Conclusion of it; but I suppose 'tis upon no other Reason, but because 'tis the Conclusion. However, I shou'd not be much concern'd not to be thought Excellent in an Amusement I have very little practis'd hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

The Preface.

Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easie to be lost; its Pursuit is painful, and its Possession unfruitful: Nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the Animosities among the Members of the *College of Physicians* encreasing daily (notwithstanding the frequent Exhortations of our Worthy President to the contrary) I was persuaded to attempt something of this nature, and to endeavour to Rally some of our disaffected Members into a sense of their Duty, who have hitherto most obstinately oppos'd all manner of Union; and have continu'd so unreasonably refractory, that 'twas thought fit by the College, to reinforce the Observance of the Statutes by a Bond, which some of them wou'd not comply with, tho' none of 'em had refus'd the Ceremony of the customary Oath; like some that will trust their Wives with any Body, but their Mony with None. I was sorry to find there cou'd be any Constitution that was not to be cur'd without Poison, and that there shou'd be a Prospect of effecting

The Preface.

it by a less grateful Method than Reason and Persuasion.

The Original of this Difference has been of some standing, tho' it did not break out to Fury and Excess till the time of Erecting the *Dispensary*, being an Apartment in the *College* set up for the Relief of the Sick Poor, and manag'd ever since with an Integrity and Disinterest suitable to so Charitable a Design.

If any Person wou'd be more fully inform'd about the Particulars of so Pious a Work, I refer him to a Treatise set forth by the Authority of the President and Censors, in the Year 97. 'Tis call'd *A short Account of the Proceedings of the College of Physicians, London, in relation to the Sick Poor*. The Reader may there not only be inform'd of the Rise and Progress of this so Publick an Undertaking, but also of the Concurrence and Encouragement it met with from the most, as well as the most Ancient Members of the Society, notwithstanding

a 2

The Preface.

standing the vigorous Opposition of a few Men, who thought it their Interest to defeat so laudable a Design.

The Intention of this Preface is not to persuade Mankind to enter into our Quarrels, but to vindicate the Author from being censur'd of taking any indecent Liberty with a Faculty he has the Honour to be a Member of. If the *Satyr* may appear directed at any particular Person, 'tis at such only as are presum'd to be engag'd in Dishonourable Confederacies for mean and mercenary Ends, against the Dignity of their own Profession. But if there be no such, then these Characters are but imaginary, and by consequence ought to give no Body Offence.

The Description of the Battle is grounded upon a Feud that hapned in the *Dispensary*, betwixt a Member of the College with his Retinue, and some of the Servants that attended there, to dispence the Medicines; and is so far real: tho' the Poetical Relation

The Preface.

tion be fictitious. I hope no Body will think the Author Scurrilous thro' the whole, who being too liable to Faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the Miscarriages of others. If I am hard upon any one 'tis my Reader: But some Worthy Gentlemen, as remarkable for their Humanity as their Extraordinary Parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I confess those Ingenious Gentlemen have done me a great Honour; but while they design an imaginary Panegyrick upon me, They have made a real one upon Themselves; and by saying how much this small Performance exceeds some others, They convince the World how far it falls short of Theirs.

The Copy of an Instrument Subscribed by
the President, Cenſor, moſt of the Elects,
Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of
the College of Phyſicians, in relation to
the Sick Poor.

WHereas the ſeveral Orders of the College
of Phyſicians, London, for preſcribing
Medicins gratis to the Poor Sick of the Cities
of London and Weſtminſter, and Parts adja-
cent, as alſo the Propoſals made by the ſaid Col-
lege to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen and
Common Council of London, in purſuance there-
of, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no
method hath been taken to furniſh the Poor with
Medicins for their Cure at low and reaſonable
Rates: we therefore whoſe Names are here un-
der-written, Fellows or Members of the ſaid Col-
lege, being willing effectually to promote ſo great
a Charity, by the Counſel and good Liking of the
President and College declared in their Comitia,
hereby (to wit, each of us ſeverally and apart,
and not the one for the other of us) do oblige our
ſelves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, Fellow
and Elect of the ſaid College, the ſum of Ten
Pounds a piece of Lawful Mony of England, by
ſuch

such proportions, and at such times as to the major part of the Subscribers hereto shall seem most convenient: Which Money when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering Medicines to the Poor at their intrinsick Value, in such Manner, and at such Times, and by such Orders and Directions, as by the major part of the Subscribers hereto, shall in Writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpose. In Witness whereof we have hereunto set our Hands and Seals this Twenty Second Day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, *Præses.*

Tho. Burwell, *Elect and Censor.*

Sam. Collins, *Elect.*

Edw. Browne, *Elect.*

Rich. Torlefs, *Elect and Censor.*

Edw. Hulfe, *Elect.*

Tho. Gill, *Censor.*

Will. Dawes, *Censor.*

Jo. Hutton.

Rob. Brady.

Hans Sloane.

Rich. Morton.

John Hawys.

Ch. Harel.

Rich. Robinson.

Joh. Bateman.

Walter Mills.

Dan. Cox.

Henry Sampson.

Thomas Gibson.

Charles Goodall.

Edm. King.

Sam. Garth.

Barnh. Soame.

Denton Nicholas.

Joseph Gaylard.

John Woollaston.

Steph. Hunt.

Oliver Horseman.

Rich. Morton, *Jun.*

David Hamilton.

Hen. Morelli.

Walter Harris.

William Briggs.

Th. Colladon.

Martin Lister.

Jo. Colbatch.

Bernard Connor.

When S——r's Charming Eloquence you Praise,
How loftily your Tuneful Voice you raise!
But my poor feeble Muse is as unfit
To Praise, as Imitate what you have writ.
Artists alone should venture to Commend
What D——s can't Condemn, nor D——n Mend:
What must, writ with that Fire and with that Ease,
The Beaux, the Ladies, and the Criticks please.

C. Boyle.

To my Friend the Author, desiring my Opinion of his Poem.

ASK me not, Friend, what I Approve or Blame,
Perhaps I know not why I Like, or Damn;
I can be Pleas'd; and I dare own I am.

I read Thee over with a Lover's Eye,
Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy;
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I.

Criticks, and aged Beaux of Fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had Fire, or else whose Fire is past,
Must judge by Rules what they want Force to Taste.

I wou'd a Poet, like a Mistress, try,
Not by her Hair, her Hand, her Nose, her Eye;
But by some Nameless Pow'r, to give me Joy.

The Nymph has G——n's, C——l's, C——l's
If with resistless Fires my Soul she warms (Charms)
With Balm upon her Lips, and Raptures in her Arms.

Such

*Such is thy Genius, and such Art is thine,
Some secret Magick works in ev'ry Line;
We judge not, but we feel the Pow'r Divine.
Where all is Just, is Beauteous, and is Fair,
Distinctions vanish of peculiar Air.
Lost in our Pleasure, we Enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, S——d, M——gue.
And yet 'tis thought, some Criticks in this Town,
By Rules to all, but to themselves unknown,
Will Damn thy Verse, and Justifie their own.
Why, let them Damn: Were it not wond'rous hard
Facetious M—— and the City-B——
So near ally'd in Learning, Wit, and Skill,
Shou'd not have leave to Judge, as well as Kill?
Nay, let them write; Let them their Forces join,
And hope the Motly Piece may rival thine.
Safely despise their Malice, and their Toil,
Which Vulgar Ears alone will reach, and will defile.*

Be it thy Gen'rous Pride to please the Best,
 Whose Judgment, and whose Friendship is a Test.
 With Learned H——s thy healing Cares be join'd,
 Search thoughtful R——e to his inmost Mind:
 Unite, restore your Arts, and save Mankind.
 Whilst all the busie M——ls of the Town
 Envy our Health, and pine away their own.
 When e'er thou wou'dst a Tempting Muse engage,
 Judicious W——h can best direct her Rage.
 To S——s, and to D——t too submit,
 And let their Stamp Immortalize thy Wit.
 Consenting Phœbus bows, if they Approve,
 And Ranks thee with the foremost Bards above:
 Whilst these of Right the Deathless Laurel send,
 Be it my Humble Bus'ness to Commend
 The faithful, honest Man, and the well-natur'd

Chr. Codrington.

To my Friend, Dr. G——th, the Author of
the Dispensary.

TO Praise your Healing Art would be in vain,
The Health you give, prevents the Poet's Pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your Renown,
And I but fill the Chorus of the Town.
That let me wave, and only now Admire,
The dazzling Rays of your Poetick Fire:
Which its diffusive Virtue does dispense,
In flowing Verse, and elevated Sense.

The Town, which long has swallow'd foolish Verse,
Which Poetasters ev'ry where rehearse;
Will mend their Judgment now, refine their Taste,
And gather up th' Applause they threw in waste.
The Play-house shan't Encourage false, sublime,
Abortive Thoughts, with Decoration-Rhime.

The Satyr of Vile Scribblers shall appear
On none, except upon themselves severe:
While yours Contemns the Gall of Vulgar Spight;
And when you seem to Smile the most, you Bite.

Tho. Check.

To my Friend, upon the *Dispensary*.

A *S* when the People of the Northern Zone
Find the Approach of the Revolving Sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, They see the new-born Light,
And dread no more Eternity of Night :

Thus We, who lately as of Summer's Heat
Have felt a Dearth of Poetry and Wit ;
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more
From warmer Climes, to an ungrateful Shore.
But You, the Fav'rite of the Tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full Lustre shine ;
Our Night have chang'd into a Glorious Day,
And reach'd Perfection in you first Essay :
So the young Eagle that his Force would try,
Faces the Sun, and tow'rs it to the Sky.

Others

Others proceed to Art by slow degrees,
Awkward at first, at length they faintly please;
And still whate'er their first Efforts produce,
'Tis an Abortive, or an Infant Muse:
Whilst yours, like Pallas, from the Head of Jove
Steps out full grown, with Noblest Pace to move.
What ancient Poets to their Subject owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it Little, but have made it Great;
They could Describe, but you alone Create.

Now let your Muse rise with Expanded Wings,
To Sing the Fate of Empires, and of Kings;
Great WILLIAM's Victories she'll next rehearse,
And raise a Trophy of Immortal Verse:
Thus to your Art proportion the Design,
And Mighty Things with Mighty Numbers join,
A Second Namur, or a Future Boyne.

H. Blount.

T H E

Dispensary.

C A N T O I.

SPeak, Goddeſs! ſince 'tis Thou that beſt canſt ^{(tell,}
 How ancient Leagues to modern Diſcord fell;
 Whence 'twas, Phyſicians were ſo frugal grown
 Of others Lives, and lavish of their own;
 How by a Journey to th' *Elyſian* Plain
 Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.

Not far from that moſt celebrated Place,
 Where angry ¹ Juſtice ſhews her awful Face;

¹ *Old Baily.*

B

Where

Where little Villains must submit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in state;
There stands a ² Dome, Majestick to the Sight,
And sumptuous Arches bear its oval Height;
A golden Globe plac'd high with artful Skill,
Seems, to the distant Sight, a gilded Pill:
This Pile was, by the Pious Patron's Aim,
Rais'd for a Use as Noble as its Frame:
Nor did the Learn'd Society decline
The Propagation of that great Design;
In all her Mazes, Nature's Face they view'd,
And as she disappear'd, they still pursu'd.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain;
Here, she's too sparing; there, profusely vain.
Now she unfolds the faint, and dawning Strife
Of infant Atoms kindling into Life:
How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
And slender Trains of twisting Fibres makes.

² College of Physicians.

And how the Viscous seeks a closer Tone,
By just degrees to harden into Bone;
While the more Loose flow from the vital Urn,
And in full Tides of Purple Streams return;
How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp arise,
And dart in Emanations through the Eyes;
While from each Sluice, a briny Torrent pours,
T'extinguish feav'rish Heats with ambient Show'rs;
Whence, their Mechanick Pow'rs, the Spirits claim,
How great their Force, how delicate their Frame:
How the same Nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest Pleasure and the greatest Pain.
Why bileous Juice a Golden Light puts on,
And Floods of Chyle in Silver Currents run.
How the dim Speck of Entity began
T'extend its recent Form, and stretch to Man.
To how minute an Origin we owe
Young *Ammon*, *Cæsar*, and the Great *Nassau*.

Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
And why chill Virgins redden into Flame.

Why Envy oft transforms with wan Disguise,
And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the Eyes.

All Ice why *Lucrece*, or *Sempronia*, Fire,

50 Why *S*—— rages to survive Desire.

Whence *Milo's* Vigour at th' *Olympick's* shown,

Whence Tropes to *Finch*, or Impudence to *Screw*!

Why *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* severe,

Why *Mertion* muddy, *Mauque* why clear.

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous Cause to find,

How Body acts upon impassive Mind.

How Fumes of Wine the thinking part can fire,

Past Hopes revive, and present Joys inspire:

Why our Complexions oft our Soul declare,

And how the Passions in the Features are.

How Touch and Harmony arise between

Corporeal Substances, and Things unseen.

With

With mighty Truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the Womb of distant Causes lie.

But now those great Enquiries are no more,
And Faction skulks, where Learning shone before:
The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And *Pæan*'s Beams with fading Lustre shine,
No Readers here with Hectick Looks are found,
Or Eyes in Rheum, thro' midnight-watching drown'd;
The lonely Edifice in Sweats complains,
That nothing there but empty Silence reigns.

This Place so fit for undisturb'd Repose,
The God of Sloth for his *Asylum* chose.
Upon a Couch of Down in these Abodes
The careless Deity supinely nods.
His leaden Limbs at gentle ease are laid,
With *Poppies* and dull *Nightshade* o'er him spread,

No Passions interrupt his easie Reign,
No Problems puzzle his lethargick Brain.
But dull Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed,
And lazy Fogs bedew his gracious Head.

As at full length the pamper'd Monarch lay
Batt'ning in Ease, and slumb'ring Life away :
A spiteful Noise his downy Chains unties,
Hastes forward, and encreases as it flies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn ³ Flint engage,
Till urg'd by Blows, it sparkles into Rage.
Some temper Lute, some spacious Vessels move ;
These Furnaces erect, and Those approve.
Here Physals in nice Discipline are set,
There Gally-pots are rang'd in Alphabet.
In this place, Magazines of Pills you spy,
In that, like Forrage, Herbs in Bundles lie.

³ *The Building of the Dispensary.*

While

While lifted Pestles, brandish'd in the Air,
Descend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare.
Loud Stroaks, with pounding Spice, the Fabrick rend,
And Aromatick Clouds in Spires ascend.

So when the *Cyclops* o'er their Anvils sweat,
And their swoln Sinews ecchoing Blows repeat;
From the *Vulcano's* gross Eruptions rise,
And curling Sheets of Smoke obscure the Skies.

The flumb'ring God amaz'd at this new Din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down agen.
Then, half erect, he rubb'd his op'ning Eyes,
And falter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.

How impotent a Deity am I!
With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!

Thro' my Indulgence, Mortals hourly share
A grateful Negligence, and Ease from Care.
Lull'd in my Arms, how long have I with-held
The *Northern* Monarchs from the dusty Field.
How have I kept the *British* Fleet at ease,
From tempting the rough Dangers of the Seas.
Hibernia owns the mildness of my Reign,
And my Divinity's ador'd in *Spain*.
I Swains to *Sylvan* Solitudes convey,
Where stretch'd on Mossy Beds, they waste away,
In gentle Inactivity, the Day. }
What Marks of wondrous Clemency I've shown,
Some Rev'rend Worthies of the Gown can own.
Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful Grace,
Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face.
How fleck their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
When big they strut behind a double Chin.

Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull.
No learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance,
Or discompose their pompous Ignorance:
But undisturb'd, they loiter Life away,
So wither Green, and blossom in Decay.
Deep sunk in Down, they, by my gentle Care,
Avoid th' Inclemencies of Morning Air, (Pray'r.
And leave to tatter'd Crape the Drudgery of

Mankind my fond propitious Pow'r has try'd,
Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.
And, in return, I ask but some Recess,
T' enjoy th' entrancing Extasies of Peace.
But that, the Great *Nassau's* Heroick Arms
Has long prevented with his loud Alarms.
Still my Indulgence with Contempt he flies,
His Couch a Trench, his Canopy the Skies.

No

No threatning Seasons his Resolves controul,
Th' *Equator* has no Heat, no Ice the *Pole*.
With Arms resistless o'er the Globe he flies,
And leaves to *Jove* the Empire o' the Skies.

But as the slothful God to yawn begun,
He shook off the dull Mist, and thus went on.

Sometimes among the *Caspian* Cliffs I creep,
Where solitary Bats, and Swallows sleep.
Or if some Cloyster's Refuge I implore,
Where holy Drones o'er dying Tapers snore;
Still *Nassau's* Arms a soft Repose deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.

Since on the World his Blessings he bestows,
And with a Nod has settl'd a Repose.

I sought the Covert of some peaceful Cell,
Where silent Shades in harmless Raptures dwell;
That Rest might past Tranquility restore,
And Mortal never interrupt me more.

'Twas here, alas! I thought I might Repose,
These Walls were that *Asylum* I had chose. (found,
Nought underneath this Roof, but Damps are
Nought heard, but drowzy Beetles buzzing round.
Spread Cobwebs hide the Walls, and Dust the Floors,
And midnight Silence guards the noiseless Doors.
But now I find some enterprising Brain
Invents new Fancies to renew my Pain,
And labours to dissolve my easie Reign.

With that, the God his darling *Phantom* calls,
And from his falt'ring Lips this Message falls.

Since

Since Mortals will dispute my Pow'r, I'll try
Who has the greatest Empire, they or I.
Find Envy out, some Prince's Court attend,
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd Fiend.
Or in Cabals, or Camps, or at the Bar,
Or where ill Poets Pennylefs confer,
Or in the Senate-house at *Westminster*.
Tell the bleak Fury what new Projects reign,
Among the Homicides of *Warwick-Lane*.
And what th' Event, unless she strait enclines
To blast their Hopes, and baffle their Designs.
More he had spoke, but sudden Vapours rise,
And with their silken Cords tie down his Eyes.

T H E

Dispensary.

C A N T O II.

S Oon as with gentle Sighs the Ev'ning Breeze
Begun to whisper thro' the murm'ring Trees;
And Night to wrap in Shades the Mountains Heads,
While Winds lay hush'd in Subterranean Beds;
Officious *Phantom* did with speed prepare
To slide on tender Pinions through the Air.
Oft he attempts the Summit of a Rock,
And oft the hollow of some blasted Oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay,
The hissing of her Snakes proclaim'd the way.

Be-

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Yew,
That taints the Grasse with sickly Sweats of Dew ;
No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,
But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite ;
There crawl'd the meager Monster on the Ground,
And breath'd a livid Pestilence around :
A bald and bloated Toad-stool rais'd her Head ;
The Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed.
Down her wan Cheeks sulphureous Torrents flow.
And her red haggard Eyes with Fury glow.
Like *Ætna* with Metallick Steams oppress'd,
She breaths a blue Eruption from her Breast :
Then rends with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,
Where Fame the Acts of Demy-Gods enrolls.
And as the rent Records in pieces fell,
Each Scrap did some Immortal Action tell.

This shew'd, how fix'd as Fate *Torquatus* stood,
That, the fam'd Passage of the *Granick* Flood.
The *Julian* Eagles, here, their Wings display;
And there, like setting Stars, the *Decii* lay.
This does *Camillus* as a God extol,
That points at *Manlius* in the Capitol.
How *Cochles* did the *Tyber's* Surges brave,
How *Curtius* plung'd into the gaping Grave.
Great *Cyrus*, here, the *Medes* and *Persians* join,
And, there, the wond'rous Battle of the *Boyn*.

As th' airy Messenger the Fury spy'd,
A while his curdling Blood forgot to glide.
Confusion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And salt'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue.
At lenth, assuming Courage, he essay'd
T'inform the Fiend, then shrunk into a Shade.

The Hag lay long revolving what might be
 The blest Event of such an Embassy.
 She blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form,
 So Lightning gilds the unrelenting Storm,
 Then she: Alas! how long in vain have I
 Aim'd at those noble Ills the Fates deny:
 Within this Isle for ever must I find
 Disasters to distract my restless Mind?
 Good ~~Tennison~~ ^{Pem} ~~son~~'s Celestial Piety
 At last has rais'd him to the Sacred See.
~~Sons~~ ^{sons} does sick'ning Equity restore,
 And helpless Orphans are oppress'd no more.
~~Pem~~ ^{Pem} ~~son~~ ^{son} ~~ke~~ ^{ke} to Britain endless Blessings brings;
 He spoke; and Peace clap'd her Triumphant Wings:
 Great ~~O~~ ^O ~~nd~~ nd shines illustriously bright
 With Blazes of Hereditary Light.

When

When *Demosthene* appears, all Eyes confess
 An easie Grandeur graces his Address.
 And *Macedon* is active to defend
 His Country, with the Zeal he loves his Friend.
 Like *Leda's* radiant Sons, divinely clear,
Perseus and *Icarus* deck'd in Rays appear }
 To Gild, by turns, the *Gallick* Hemispher.
 Worth in Distress is rais'd by *Munichus*,
Augustus listens if *Mecenas* sue.
 And *Vernons* Vigilance no slumber takes,
 Whilst Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy awakes.

Since by no Arts I therefore can defeat
 The happy Enterprizes of the Great,
 I'll calmly stoop to more inferior things;
 And try if my lov'd Snakes have Teeth or Stings.

She said; and strait shrill *Colon's* Person took,
In Morals loose, but most precise in Look.
Black-Fryars Annals lately pleas'd to call
Him Warden of *Apothecaries-Hall*.
And, when so dignifi'd, he'd not forbear
That Operation which the Learn'd declare
Gives Cholicks ease, and makes the Ladies fair.
In starch'd Urbanity his Talent lies,
And Form the want of Intellects supplies.
Hourly his Learn'd Impertinence affords
A barren Superfluity of Words.
In haste he strides along to recompence
The want of Bus'ness with its vain Pretence.
The Fury thus assuming *Colon's* Grace,
So slung her Arms, so shuffl'd in her Pace.

Onward

Onward she hastens to the fam'd Abodes,
 Where *Horoscope* invokes th' infernal Gods;
 And reach'd the Mansion where the Vulgar run
 T' increase their Ills, and throng to be undone.

This *Wight* all Mercenary Projects tries,
 And knows, that to be Rich is to be Wise.
 By useful Observations he can tell
 The sacred Charms, that in true Sterling dwell.
 How Gold makes a *Patrician* of a Slave,
 A Dwarf an *Atlas*, a *Thersites* brave.
 It cancels all Defects, and in their Place
 Finds Sense in Br—w, Charms in Lady —
 It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind,
 No Bankrupt ever found a Fair One kind.

So truly *Horoscope* its Virtue knows,
 To this bright Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;

And fancies, that a Thousand Pound supplies
The want of Twenty thousand Qualities.

Long has he been of that amphibious Fry,
Bold to Prescribe, and busie to Apply.
His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs
With foreign Trinkets, and domestick Toys.

Here, *Mummies* lay most reverendly stale,
And there, the *Tortois* hung her Coat o' Mail;
Not far from some huge *Shark's* devouring Head
The flying Fish their finny Pinions spread.
Aloft in Rows large Poppy Heads were strung,
And near, a scaly Alligator hung.
In this place, Drugs in musty Heaps decay'd,
In that, dri'd Bladders, and drawn Teeth were laid.

An

An inner Room receives the numerous Shoals,
Of such as pay to be reputed Fools.
Globes stand by Globes, Volumns on Volumns lie,
And Planetary Schemes amuse the Eye.
The Sage, in Velvet Chair, here lolls at Ease,
To promise future Health for present Fees.
Then, as from *Tripod*, solemn Shams reveals,
And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks, how soon *Panthea* may be won,
And longs to feel the Marriage Fetters on.
Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,
Enquire when courteous Fates will strike 'em off.

Some, by what means they may redress the Wrong,
When Fathers the Possession keep too long.

And some wou'd know the Issue of their Cause,
And whether Gold can solder up its Flaws,
Poor pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,
To lose by Art what fruitful Nature gave:
And *Portia* old in Expectation grown,
Laments her barren Curse, and begs a Son.
Whilst *Iris*, his Cosmetick *Wash* wou'd try,
To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers dye.
Some ask for Charms, and others Philters chuse,
To gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans lose.
Young *Hylas*, botch'd with Stains too foul to name,
In Cradle here renews his Youthful Frame:
Cloy'd with Desire, and surfeited with Charms,
A Hot-house he prefers to *Julia's* Arms.
And old *Lucullus* wou'd th' *Arcanum* prove,
Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

Bleak Envy these dull Frauds with Pleasure fees,
And wonders at the senseless Mysteries. 150
In *Colon's* Voice she thus calls out aloud
On *Horoscope* environ'd by the Crowd.

Forbear, forbear, thy vain Amusements cease,
Thy *Wood-Cocks* from their *Gins* a while release;
And to that dire Misfortune listen well,
Which thou shou'dst fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, Thou ever wast esteem'd by me
The Great *Alcides* of our Company.
When we with Noble Scorn resolv'd to ease
Our selves from all Parochial Offices;
And to our Wealthier Patients left the Care,
And draggl'd Dignity of Scavenger:
Such Zeal in that Affair thou didst exprefs,
Nought cou'd be equal, but the great Success.

Now call to mind thy Gen'rous Prowess past,
Be what thou shou'dst, by thinking what thou wast.
The Faculty of *Warwick-Lane* Design,
If not to Storm, at least to Undermine:
Their Gates each day Ten thousand Night-caps
And Mortars utter their Attempts aloud. (crowd,
If they should once unmask our Mystery,
Each Nurse, e'er long, wou'd be as learn'd as We;
Our Art expos'd to ev'ry Vulgar Eye,
And none, in Complaisance to us, would dye.
What if We claim their Right t' Assassinate,
Must they needs turn *Apothecaries* strait?
Prevent it, Gods! all Stratagems we try,
To crowd with new Inhabitants your Sky.
'Tis we who wait the Destinies Command,
To purge the troubl'd Air, and weed the Land.
And dare the *College of Physicians* aim
To equal our Fraternity in Fame?

Crabs Eyes as well with *Pearl* for Use may try,
Or *Highgate-Hill* with lofty *Pindus* vie:
So *Glow-worms* may compare with *Titan's* Beams,
Or *Hare-Court Pump* with *Aganippe's* Streams.

Our Manufacture now they meanly sell,
And spightfully th' intrinick Value tell:
Nay more: Inhumanly They'll force us soon
T' exert our Charity, and be undone;
Whilst We, at our Expence, must persevere,
And, for another World, be ruin'd here.

At this, fam'd *Horoscope* turn'd pale, and straight
In Silence tumbl'd from his Chair of State.
The Crowd in great Confusion sought the Door,
And left the *Magus* fainting on the Floor.
Whilst in his Breast the Fury breath'd a Storm,
Then sought her Cell, and reassum'd her Form.

Thus

Thus from the Sore altho' the Insect flies,
It leaves a Brood of Maggots in Disguise.

Officious *Squirt* in haste forsook the Shop,
To succour the expiring *Horoscope*.
Oft he essay'd the *Magus* to restore,
By Salt of *Succinum*'s prevailing Pow'r;
Yet still supine the solid Lumber lay
An Image of scarce animated Clay;
'Till Fates, indulgent when Disasters call,
By *Squirt*'s nice Hand apply'd a Urinal;
The Wight no sooner did the Steam receive,
But rous'd, and blest'd the Stale Restorative.
The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel,
Such Zeal he had for that vile Utensil.

So when the Great *Pelides*, *Thetis* found, ^{(own'd.}
He knew the Fishy Smell, and th' Azure Goddess

T H E

T H E

Dispensary.

C A N T O III.

ALL Night the Sage in Pensive Tumults lay,
Complaining of the flow approach of Day;
Oft turn'd him round, and strove to think no more,
Of what shrill *Colon* spoke the Day before.
Cowslips and *Poppies* o'er his Eyes he spread,
And *Salmon* Works he laid beneath his Head.
But all those Opiats still in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle Image his Embraces flies.
Tumultuous Cares lay rolling in his Breast,
And thus his anxious Thoughts the Sage express'd.

Oft

Oft has this Planet roll'd around the Sun,
Since to consult the Skies, I first begun :
Such my Applause, so mighty my Success,
I once thought my Predictions more than Guess.
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This Faith, there can be no Mistake in Gain.
For the dull World most Honour pay to those
Who on their Understanding most impose.
First Man creates, and then he fears the Elf,
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself:
He loaths the Substance, and he loves the Show,
You'll hardly e'er convince a Fool, He's so:
He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,
And still the only Pleasure's the Deceit.
So Meteors flatter with a dazzling Dye,
Which no Existence has, but in the Eye.

At distance Prospects please us, but when near,
We find but desert Rocks, and fleeting Air.
From Stratagem, to Stratagem we run,
And he knows most, who latest is undone.

Mankind one Day serene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe:
New Passions, new Opinions still excite,
And what they like at Noon, despise at Night:
They gain with Labour, what they quit with Ease,
And Health, for want of Change, becomes Disease.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to Superstitious Fear.
They Counsel others, but themselves Deceive,
And tho' they're Cozen'd still, they still Believe.

Shall I then, who with penetrating Sight
Inspect the Springs that guide each Appetite:

Who

Who with unfathom'd Searches hourly pierce
 The dark Recesses of the Universe,
 Be Passive, whilst the Faculty pretend
 Our Charter with unhallow'd Hands to rend?
 If all the Fiends that in low Darknes reign,
 Be not the Fictions of a sickly Brain;
 That Project, the **Dispensary* they call,
 Before the Moon can blunt her Horns, shall fall.

With that, a Glance from mild *Aurora's* Eyes,
 Shoots thro' the Chrystal Kingdoms of the Skies;
 The Savage Kind in Forests cease to roam,
 And Sots o'recharg'd with nauseous Loads reel home.
 Light's chearful Smiles o'er th' Azure Waste are
 And Miss from Inns o' Court bolts out unpaid. ^{(spread,}
 The Sage transported at th' approaching Hour,
 Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the Floor;

* Medicines made up there, for the use of the Poor.

Officious *Squirt* that moment had access,
His Trust was great, his Vigilance no less.
To him thus *Horoscope*,

My kind Companion in this dire Affair,
Which is more light, since you assume a Share;
Fly with what haste you us'd to do of old,
When *Clyster* was in danger to be cold:
With Expedition on the Beadle call,
To summon all the Company to th' *Hall*.

Away the trusty Coadjutor flies,
Swift as from Phyal Steam of *Harts-horn* flies.
The *Magus* in the int'rim mumbles o'er
Vile Terms of Art to some Infernal Pow'r,
And draws Mysterious Circles on the Floor.
But from the gloomy Vault no glaring Spright,
Ascends to blast the tender Bloom of Light.

No

No mystick Sounds from *Hell's* detested Womb,
In dusky Exhalations upwards come.

And now to raise an Altar He decrees,
To that devouring Harpy call'd *Disease*.

Then Flow'rs in Canisters he hastes to bring,

The wither'd Product of a blighted Spring,

With cold *Solanum* from the *Pontick* Shore,

The Roots of *Mandrake* and Black *Ellebore*.

And on the Structure next he heaps a Load

Of *Sassafras* in Chips, and *Mastick* Wood.

Then from the Compter he takes down the File,

And with Prescriptions lights the solemn Pile.

Feebly the Flames on clumsy Wings aspire,

And smoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire.

With Sorrow he beheld the sad Portent,

Then to the Hag these *Orizons* he sent.

Disease! thou ever most propitious Pow'r,
Whose soft Indulgence we perceive each Hour;
Thou that wou'dst lay whole *States* and *Regions*
Sooner than we, thy *Cormorants*, shou'd fast; (waste,
If, in return, all Diligence we pay
T' extend your Empire, and confirm your Sway,
Far as the weekly Bills can reach around,
From *Kent-street* end to fam'd *St. Giles's-Pound*;
Behold this poor Libation with a Smile,
And let auspicious Light break through the Pile.

He spoke; and on the Pyramid he laid
Bay-Leaves and Vipers Hearts, and thus he said;
As *These* consume in this mysterious Fire,
So let the curs'd *Dispensary* expire;
And as *Those* crackle in the Flames, and die,
So let its Vessels burst, and Glasses flie.

D

But

But a sinister Cricket strait was heard,
 The Altar fell, the Off'ring disappear'd.
 As the fam'd Wight the Omen did regret,
Squirt brought the News the Company was met.

Nigh where *Fleet-Ditch* descends in fable Streams,
 To wash his sooty *Naiads* in the *Thames*;
 There stands a *Structure on a rising Hill,
 Where *Tyro's* take their Freedom out to kill.
 Some Pictures in these dreadful Shambles tell,
 How, by the *Delian* God, the *Pithon* fell;
 And how *Medea* did the *Philter* brew,
 That cou'd in *Aeson's* Veins young Force renew;
 How sanguine Swains their am'rous Hours repent,
 When Pleasure's past, and Pains are permanent;
 And how frail Nymphs, oft by Abortion, aim
 To lose a Substance, to preserve a Name.

* *Apothecaries Hall.*

Soon as each Member in his Rank was plac'd,
Th' Assembly *Diasenna* thus address'd.

My kind Confed'rates, if my poor Intent,
As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,
We had here met on some serene Design,
And on no other Bus'ness but to Dine;
The Faculty had still maintain'd their Sway,
And Interest had taught us to obey;
Then we'd this only Emulation known,
Who best cou'd fill his Purse, and thin the Town.
But now from gath'ring Clouds Destruction pours,
Which threatens with mad rage our *Halcyon* hours:
Mists from black Jealousies the Tempest form,
While late Divisions reinforce the Storm.
Know, when these Feuds, like those at Law, are past,
The Winners will be Losers at the last.

Like Heroes in Sea-Fights we seek Renown,
To fire some hostile Ship, we burn our own.
Who-e'er throws Dust against the Wind, describes
He throws it, in effect, but in his Eyes.
That Juggler which another's Slight will show,
But teaches how the World his own may know.

Thrice happy were those golden Days of old,
When dear as *Burgundy*, *Ptisans* were sold;
When Patients chose to die with better Will,
Than live to pay th' *Apothecary's* Bill.
And cheaper than for our Assistance call,
Might go to *Aix* or *Bourbon*, Spring and Fall.

Then Priesthood thriv'd, and Piety decay'd,
And Senates gave their Votes as They were paid.
Right was adjudg'd as Favour did prevail,
And Burgeſſes were made by nappy Ale.

But now no influencing Art remains,
For ~~Spurs~~⁴ has the Seal, and *Nassau* reigns.
And we, in spite of our Resolves, must bow,
And suffer by a Reformation too.
For now late Jars our Practices detect,
And Mines, when once discover'd, lose th' Effect.
Dissentions, like small Streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they still dis-join.
'Tis therefore my Advice, in haste we send,
And beg the Faculty to be our Friend.
As he revolving stood to speak the rest,
Rough *Colocynthis* thus his Rage express.

Thou Scandal of the mighty *Pæans* Art,
At thy Approach, the Springs of Nature start,

The Nerves unbrace: Nay, at the sight of thee,
A Scratch turns Cancer, th' Itch a Leprosie.
Cou'dst thou propose, That we, the *Friends* o' Fates,
Who fill *Church-yards*, and who unpeople States,
Who baffle Nature, and dispose of Lives,

burying
met. Whilst *Russel*, as we please, or starves, or thrives,
Shou'd e'er submit to their Imperious Will,

Who out o' Consultation scarce can kill?

The tow'ring *Alps* shall sooner sink to Vales,

And *Leaches*, in our Glasses, swell to *Whales*;

Or *Norwich* trade in Implements of Steel,

And *Bromingham* in Stuffs and Druggets deal:

The Sick to th' Hundreds sooner shall repair,

And change the *Gravel-Pits* for *Essex* Air.

No, no, the Faculty shall soon confess
Our Force encreases, as our Funds grow less;

And

And what requir'd such Industry to raise.
We'll scatter into nothing as we please.
Thus they'll acknowledge, to Annihilate
Shews no less wondrous Pow'r than to Create.
We'll raise our num'rous Cohorts, and oppose
The feeble Forces of our pigmy Foes;
Whole Troops of Quacks shall join us on the Place,
From Great *Kirleus* down to *Doctōr Case*.
Tho' such vile Rubbish sink, yet we shall rise;
Directors still secure the greatest Prize.
Such poor Supports serve only like a Stay;
The Tree once fix'd, its *Rest* is torn away.

So Patriots in time of Peace and Ease,
Forget the Fury of the late Disease:
Imaginary Dangers they create,
And loath th' *Elixir* which preserv'd the State.

Arm therefore, gallant Friends, 'tis Honour's Call,
Or let us boldly Fight, or bravely Fall.

To this the *Session* seem'd to give Consent,
Much lik'd the War, but dreaded much th' Event.
At length, the growing diff'rence to compose,
Two Brothers, nam'd *Ascarides*, arose,
Both had the Volubility of Tongue,
In Meaning faint, but in Opinion strong.
To speak they both assum'd a like Pretence,
But th' Elder gain'd his just Pre-eminence;

Then he: 'Tis true, when Privilege and Right
Are once invaded, Honour bids us Fight.
But e'er we once engage in Honour's Cause,
First know what Honour is, and whence it was.

'Tis Pride's Original, but Nature's Grave;
The Heroe's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.
Born in the noisie Camp, it lives on Air;
And both exists by Hope and by Despair.
Angry when e'er a Moment's Ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.
It lives, when in Death's Arms the Heroe lies,
But when his Safety he consults, it dies.

Then let us, to the Field before we move,
Know, if the Gods our Enterprize approve.
Suppose th' unthinking Faculty unvail,
What we, thro' wiser Conduct, wou'd conceal;
Is't Reason we shou'd quarrel with the Glass,
That shews the monstrous Features of our Face?
Or grant some grave Pretenders have of late
Thought fit an Innovation to create;

Soon

Soon they'll repent, what rashly they begun,
Tho' Projects please, Projectors are undone.
All Novelties must this Success expect,
When good, our Envy ; and when bad, Neglect:
If things of Use were valu'd, there had been
Some Work-house where the *Monument* is seen.
Or if the Voice of Reason cou'd be heard,
E'er this, Triumphal Arches had appear'd.

Then since no Veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing Good ;
The Project that we vainly apprehend,
Must, as it blindly rose, as vilely end.
Some Members of the Faculty there are,
Who Int'rest prudently to Oaths prefer,
Our Friendship with a servile Air they court,
And their Clandestine Arts are our Support.

Them

Them we'll consult about this Enterprife,
And boldly Execute what they Advise.

But from below (while such Resolves they took)
Some *Aurum Fulminans* the * Fabrick shook.
The Champions, daunted at the Crack, retreat,
Regard their Safety, and their Rage forget.

So when at *Bathos* all the *Gyants* strove
T'invade the Skies, and wage a War with *Jove*;
Soon as the *As*s of old *Silenus* bray'd,
The trembling Rebels in confusion fled.

* The Room th' Apothecaries meet in, is over the Labaratory.

THE

Dispensary.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented Theater,
 Where wand'ring Punks each Night at Five
 Where Purple Emperors in Buskins tread, ^{(repair,}
 And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread,
 Where *Bently*, by Old Writers, wealthy grew,
 And *Briscoe* lately was undone by New:
 There triumphs a *Physician* of Renown,
 To scarce a Mortal, but himself, unknown.
 None e'er was plac'd more luckily than He,
 For th'Exercise of such a Mystery.

THE

When

When *Bur*—*s* deafens all the listning Prefs
With Peals of most Seraphick Emptiness;
Or when Mysterious *F*— mounts on high,
To preach his Parish to a Lethargy:
This *Æsculapius* waits hard by, to ease
The *Martyrs* of such Christian Cruelties.

Long has this happy Quarter of the Town,
For Lewdness, Wit, and Gallantry been known.
All Sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er Degree,
To blend and juggle into Harmony.
The Criticks each advent'rous Author scan,
And praise or censure as They like the Man.
The Politicians of *Parnassus* prate,
And Poets canvass the Affairs of State;
The Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock, but tell
How *Virgil* writ, how bravely *Turnus* fell.

The

The Country-Dames drive to *Hippolito's*,
First find a Spark, and after lose a Nose.

The Lawyer for Lac'd Coat the Robe does quit,
He grows a Mad-man, and then turns a Wit.

And in the Cloister penfive *Strephon* waits,
'Till *Chloe's* Hackney comes, and then retreats;

And if th' ungenerous Nymph a Shaft lets fly
More fatally than from a sparkling Eye,

Scen. *Mirmillo*, that fam'd *Opifer*, is nigh.

Th' *Apothecaries* thither throng to Dine,
And want of Elbow-room's supply'd in Wine.

Cloy'd with Variety, they surfeit there,

Whilst the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare.

'Twas here the Champions of the Party met,

Of their Heroick Enterprize to treat.

Each Hero a tremendous Air put on,

And stern *Mirmillo* in these Words begun:

'Tis

'Tis with Concern, my Friends, I meet you here;
No Grievance you can know, but I must share.
'Tis plain, my Int'rest you've advanc'd so long,
Each Fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a Tongue.
And in return, tho' I have strove to rend
Those Statutes, which on Oath I should defend;
Yet that's a Trifle to a generous Mind,
Great Services, as great Returns should find.
And you'll perceive, this Hand, when Glory calls,
Can brandish Arms as well as Urinals.

Oxford and all her passing Bells can tell,
By this Right Arm, what mighty Numbers fell.
Whilst others meanly ask'd whole Months to slay,
I oft dispatch'd the Patient in a Day:
With Pen in Hand I push'd to that degree,
I scarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee.

Some

Some fell by *Laudanum*, and some by *Steel*,
And Death in Ambush lay in ev'ry Pill.
For save or slay, this Privilege we claim,
Tho' Credit suffers, the Reward's the same.

What tho' the Art of Healing we pretend,
He that designs it least, is most a Friend.
Into the Right we err, and must confess,
To Oversight we often owe Success.
Thus *Bessus* got the Battle in the *Play*,
His glorious Cowardise restor'd the Day.
So the fam'd *Grecian* Piece ow'd its desert
To Chance, and not the labour'd Stroaks of Art.

Physicians, if they're wise, shou'd never think
Of any other Arms than Pen and Ink:
But th' Enemy, at their Expence, shall find,
When Honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.

He

He said; and seal'd th' Engagement with a Kiss,
Which was return'd by Younger *Askaris*;
Who thus advanc'd: Each Word, Sir, you impart,
Has something killing in it, like your Art.
How much we to your boundless Friendship owe,
Our Files can speak, and your Prescriptions show.
Your Ink descends in such excessive Show'rs,
'Tis plain, you can regard no Health but ours.
Whilst poor Pretenders trifle o'er a Case,
You but appear, and give the *Coup de Grace*.
O that near *Xanthus* Banks you had but dwelt,
When *Ilium* first *Achaian* Fury felt,
The Flood had curs'd young *Peleus's* Arm in vain,
For troubling his choak'd Streams with heaps of slain.
No Trophies you had left for *Greeks* to raise,
Their Ten Years Toil, you'd finish'd in Ten Days.

Fate smiles on your Attempts, and when you list,
In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave resist.
Then let us Arm, we need not fear Success,
No Labours are too hard for *Hercules*.
Our military Ensigns we'll display,
Conquest pursues, where Courage leads the way.

To this Design fly *Querpo* did agree,
A stubborn Member of the Faculty;
His Sire's pretended pious Steps he treads,
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint succeeds.
A Conventicle flesh'd his greener Years,
And his full Age th'envenom'd Rancour shares.
Thus Boys hatch Game-Eggs under Birds o' Prey,
To make the Fowl more furious for the Fray.
Grave *Carus* next discover'd his Intent,
With much ado explaining what he meant.

His Spirits stagnate like *Cocitus's* Flood,
And nought but Calentures can warm his Blood.
In his chill Veins the sluggish Puddle flows,
And loads with lazy Fogs his fable Brows.
Legions of Lunaticks about him press,
'Tis he that can lost Intellectuals redress.
So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o're,
Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, restore.
When for Advice the Vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile Books besieg'd around.
The gazing Fry acknowledge their Surprize,
Consulting less their Reason than their Eyes.
And he perceives it stands in greater stead,
To furnish well his Classes, than his Head.
Thus a weak State, by wise Distrust inclines
To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines.
So Fools are always most profuse of Words,
And Cowards never fail of longest Swords.

Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet,
And from the World, to Dust and Worms retreat.
Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign,
Refuse of Fairs, and Gleanings of *Duck-Lane*;
And up these Shelves, much *Gothick* Lumber climbs,
With *Swiss* Philosophy, and *Danish* Rhimes.
And hither, rescu'd from the *Grocers*, come
M—— Works entire, and endless Reams of B——m.
Where wou'd the long neglected C—— fly,
If bounteous *Carus* shou'd refuse to buy?
But each vile Scribler's happy on this score,
He'll find some *Carus* still to read him o're.

Nor must we the obsequious *Umbra* spare,
Who, soft by Nature, yet declar'd for War.
But when some Rival Pow'r invades a Right,
Flies set on Flies, and Turtles Turtles fight.
Else courteous *Umbra* to the last had been
Demurely meek, insipidly serene.

With

With Him, the Present still some Virtues have,
 The Vain are sprightly, and the Stupid, grave.
 The Slothful, negligent; the Foppish, neat;
 The Lewd are airy; and the Sly, discreet.

A Wren's an Eagle, a Baboon a Beau;

^{180.} ~~Call~~ a *Lycurgus*, and a *Phocion*, ~~R~~^{ow}.

Heroick Ardour now th' Assembly warms,
 Each Combatant breaths nothing but Alarms.
 For Future Glory, while the Scheme is laid,
 Fam'd *Horoscope* thus offers to dissuade;

Since of each Enterprize th' Event's unknown,
 We'll quit the Sword, and hearken to the Gown.
 Nigh lives *Vagellius*, one reputed long, *S. B. Shaw*
 For Strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue.
 Which way he pleases, he can mould a Cause,
 The Worst has Merits, and the Best has Flaws.

Five Guinea's make a Criminal to Day,
 And Ten to Morrow wipe the Stain away,
 Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the Lecher, *Clodius* th' Homicide.

Cato pernicious, *Cataline* a Saint,
ses ~~Or~~ suspected, ~~Dun~~ innocent.

Let's then to Law, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our Mony, shall succeed,
 Know, when I first invok'd *Disease* by Charms
 T' assist, and be propitious to our Arms;
 Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend,
 Nor wou'd the *Sybil* from her *Grott* ascend.

As *Horoscope* urg'd farther to be heard,
 He thus was interrupted by a *Bard*;

In vain your Magick Mysteries you use,
 Such Sounds the *Sybil's* sacred Ears abuse.

These

These Lines the pale Divinity shall raise,
Such is the Pow'r of Sound, and Force of Lays.

Dr. H. Kimon (ons clash,

* Arms meet with Arms, Fauchions with Fauchions
And sparks of Fire struck out from Armour flash.

Thick Clouds of Dust contending Warriors raise,
And hideous War o'er all the Region brays.

† Some raging ran with huge Herculean Clubs,
Some massy Balls of Brass, some mighty Tubs
Of Cynders bore. —————

* Naked and half burnt Hills with hideous Wreck,
Affright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's Back.

* K. Arth. p. 307. † K. Ar. p. 327. * Pr. Ar. p. 130.

* High Rocks of Snow, and sailing Hills of Ice,
Against each other with a mighty crash,
Driv'n by the Winds, in rude rencounter dash.

† Blood, Brains, and Limbs the highest Walls distain,
And all around lay squallid Heaps of Slain.

* Pr. Ar. p. 136. † K. Ar. p. 189.

As he went rumbling on, the *Fury* strait
(Weight.
Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd scarce support her
A noysom Rag her pensive Temples bound,
And faintly her parch'd Lips these Accents found.

Mortal, how dar'st thou with such Lines address
My awful Seat, and trouble my Recess?
In *Essex* Marthy Hundreds is a Cell,
Where lazy Fogs, and drizzling Vapours dwell:
Thither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair,
And shiv'ring Quartans shake the sickly Air.
There, when fatigu'd, some silent Hours I pass,
And substitute Physicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future once rehearse
The Dissonance of such unequal Verse.
But in your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound.

Harsh

Harsh Words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear,
 None please the Fancy, who offend the Ear.
 In Sense and Numbers if you wou'd excel,
 Read *Whitely*, consider *Dryden* well.
 In one, what vigorous Turns of Fancy shine,
 In th' other, *Syrens* warble in each Line.
 If *Dryden* ^{or} *Musset* sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre,
 The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in soft Desire,
 And little *Loves* confess their am'rous Fire.
 The *Tyber* now no courtly *Gallus* sees,
 But smiling *Thames* enjoys his *Nonnambys*,
 And gentle *Isis* claims the Ivy Crown,
 To bind th' immortal Brows of *Alauston*.
 As tuneful *Congreve* tries his rural Strains,
Pan quits the Woods, the list'ning Fawns the
 And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains. (Plains,

And

And *Britain*, since *Pausanias* was writ,
Knows *Spartan* Virtue, and *Athenian* Wit.
When ~~St~~St~~ony~~ paints the Godlike Acts of Kings,
Or, what *Apollo* dictates, ~~P~~^P~~ier~~ sings:
The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention show,
And Silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

Such just Examples carefully read o'er,
Slide without falling, without straining fore.
Oft tho' your Stroaks surprize, you shou'd not chuse,
A Theme so mighty for a Virgin Muse.
Long did *Apelles* his Fam'd Piece decline,
His *Alexander* was his last Design.
'Tis ~~M~~^M~~ague~~'s rich Vein alone must prove,
None but a *Phidias* shou'd attempt a *Jove*.

The Fury said; and vanishing from Sight,
 Cry'd out, To Arms; so left the Realms of Light.
 The Combatants to th' Enterprize consent,
 And the next Day smil'd on the great Event.

THE

T H E
Dispensary.

C A N T O V.

W

 Hen the still Night, with peaceful Poppies^{(crown'd,}
 Had spread her shady Pinions o'er the Ground;
 And slumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
 While Groves and Streams are the soft Virgin's
 'The Surges gently dash against the Shoar,^{(Theme.}
 Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar.
 Sleep shakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes,
 Mirmillo is the only Wretch it flies.
 He finds no respite from his anxious Grief,
 Then seeks, from this Soliloquy, Relief.

Long

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town,
Glutted with Fees, and mighty in Renown.
There's none can die with due Solemnity,
Unless his Pass-port first be sign'd by Me.
My arbitrary Bounty's undeny'd.
I give Reversions, and for Heirs provide.
None cou'd the tedious Nuptial State support;
But I, to make it easie, make it short.
I set the discontented Matrons free,
And Ransom Husbands from Captivity.
Then shall so useful a *Machin* as I
Engage in civil Broils, I know not why?
No, I'll endeavour straight a Peace, and so
Preserve my Honour, and my Person too.

But *Discord*, that still haunts with hideous Mien
Those dire Abodes where *Hymen* once has been,

O'er

O'er-heard *Mirmillo* reas'ning in his Bed;

Then raging inwardly the *Fury* said;

Have I so often banish'd lazy Peace

From her dark Solitude, and lov'd Recess?

Don't Have I made ~~Sack~~^{3m} and ~~Sclack~~^{3m} disagree,

And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obscurity?

And does my faithful ~~Frag~~^{son} profess

His Ardour still for Animosities?

Have I, *Britannia's* Safety to insure,

Expos'd her naked, to be more secure?

Have I made Parties opposite, unite,

In monstrous Leagues of amicable Spight

T' embroil their Country, whilst the common Cry,

Is *Freedom*, but their Aim, the *Ministry*?

And shall a Dastard's Cowardise prevent

The War so long, I've labour'd to foment?

No,

No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan Divinity.

With that, the *Hag* approach'd *Mirmillo's* Bed,
And taking *Querpo's* meager Shape, She said;

I come, altho' at Midnight, to dispel,
Those Tumults in your pensive Bosom dwell.
I dreamt, but now, my Friend, that you were by;
Methought I saw your Tears, and heard you sigh.
O that 'twere but a Dream! But sure I find
Grief in your Looks, and Tempests in your Mind.
Speak, whence it is this late Disorder flows,
That shakes your Soul, and troubles your Repose.
Erroneous Practice scarce cou'd give you pain,
Too well you know the Dead will ne'er complain.

What

What Looks discover, said the Homicide,
 Wou'd be but too impertinent to hide.
 My Safety first I must consult, and then
 I'll serve our suff'ring Party with my Pen.

All shou'd, reply'd the Hag, their Talent learn,
 The most attempting oft the least discern.
 Let *P*——*b* speak, and *V*——*k* write,
 Soft *Acon* court, and rough *Cacinna* fight:
 Such must succeed, but when th' Enervate aim,
 Beyond their Force, they still contend for Shame.
 Had *Caleban* printed nothing of his own,
 He had not been the *S*——fold o' the Town.
 Asses and Owls, unseen, themselves betray,
 If These attempt to Hoot, or Those to Bray.

Had

Had *W*— never aim'd in Verse to please,
We had not rank'd him with our *Ogilbys*.
Still Censures will on dull Pretenders fall,
A *Codrus* shou'd expect a *Juvenal*.
Ill Lines, but like ill Paintings, are allow'd,
To set off, and to recommend the good.
So *Diamonds* take a Lustre from their Foyle;
And to a *B*—y 'tis, we owe a *B*—le.

Consider well the Talent you possess,
To strive to make it more wou'd make it less;
And recollect what Gratitude is due,
To those whose Party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd Magnificence,
But to your Stars your Penury of Sense.
Haspt in a Tombril, awkwardly you've shin'd
With one fat Slave before, and none behind.

But soon, what They've exalted They'll discard,
And set up *Carus* or the City *Bard*.

Alarm'd at this, the *Heroe* Courage took,
And Storms of Terror threaten'd in his Look,
My dread Resolves, he cry'd, I'll strait pursue;
The *Fury* satisfy'd, in Smiles withdrew.

In boding Dreams *Mirmillo* spent the Night,
And frightful Phantoms danc'd before his Sight.
At length gay Morn smiles in the Eastern Sky,
From rifling silent Graves the *Sextons* fly.
The rising Mists scud o'er the dewy Lawns,
The *Chaunter* at his early Matins yawns.
The *V'lets* ope their Buds, *Cowslips* their Bells,
And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells.

As bold *Mirmillo* the gray Dawn descries,
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, where Honour calls, he flies,

And finds the Legions planted at their Post;
Where *Querpo* in his Armour shone the most.
His Shield was wrought, if we may credit Fame,
By *Mulciber*, the Mayor of *Bromingham*.
A Foliage of dissembl'd *Senna* Leaves,
Gray'd round its Brim, the wond'ring Sight deceives.
Emboss'd upon its Field, a Battle flood
Of *Leeches* spouting *Hemorrhoidal* Blood.
The Artist too express'd the solemn state
Of grave *Physicians* at a Consult met;
About each Symptom how they Disagree,
And how unanimous in case of Fee.
And whilst one *Affassin* another plies
With starch'd Civilities, the Patient dies.

Beneath this Blazing Orb bright *Querpo* shone,
Himself an *Atlas*, and his Shield a Moon.

A Pestle for his Truncheon led the Van,
 And his high Helmet was a Close-stool Pan.
 His Crest an * *Ibis*, brandishing her Beak,
 And winding in loose Folds her spiral Neck.
 This, when the Young *Querpoides* beheld,
 His Face in Nurse's Breast the Boy conceal'd.
 Then peep't, and with th' effulgent Helm wou'd play,
 But as the Monster gap'd he'd shrink away.
 Thus sometimes Joy prevail'd, and sometimes Fear;
 And Tears and Smiles alternate Passions were.

But *Fame* that whispers each profound Design,
 And tells the Consultations at the *Vine*;
 And how at Church and Bar all gape and stretch,
 If *W^{ing}les* but plead, or *Ours* preach;
 On nimble Wings to *Warwick-Lane* repairs,
 And what the Enemy intends, declares.

* This Bird, according to the Ancients, gives it self a Clyster with its Beak.

Disorder'd Murmurs through the College pass,
And pale Confusion glares in ev'ry Face.
In haste a Council's call'd, th' Occasion's great,
And quick as Thought, the summon'd Members meet.
Loud *Stentor* to th' Assembly had Access,
None aim'd at more, and none succeeded less.
True to Extreame, yet to dull Forms a Slave,
He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
With Indignation, and a daring Air,
He paus'd a while, and thus address'd the Chair.

Machaon, whose Experience we adore,
Great as your matchless Merits, is your Pow'r.
At your Approach, the baffl'd Tyrant *Death*,
Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his clashing Teeth;
To you we leave the Conduct of the Day,
What you command, your Vassals must obey.

If this dread Enterprize you wou'd decline,
 We'll send to treat, and stifle the Design.
 But if my Arguments had force, we'd try
 To scatter our audacious Foes, or die.

What *Stentor* offer'd was by most approv'd,
 But sev'ral Voices sev'ral Methods mov'd.
 At length th' advent'rous *Heroes* all agree
 T' expect the Foe, and act defensively.
 Into the Shop their bold *Battalions* move,
 And, what their Chief commands, the rest approve.
 Down from the Walls they tear the Shelves in haste,
 Which, on their Flank, for Pallisades are plac'd.
 And then, behind the Compter rang'd, they stand,
 Their Front so well secur'd, t' obey Command.

And now the Scouts the adverse Host descry,
 Blue Aprons in the Air for Colours fly:

With

With unresisted Force they urge their Way,
And find the Foe embattel'd in Array.
Then from their levell'd Syringes they pour
The liquid Volley of a missive Show'r.
Not Storms of Sleet, which o'er the *Baltick* drive,
Push'd on by *Northern* Gusts, such Horror give.
Like Spouts in *Southern* Seas the Deluge broke,
And Numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous Stroke.

So when *Leviathans* dispute the Reign,
And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main;
From the rent Rocks whole *Coral* Groves are torn,
And Isles of *Sea-weed* on the Waves are born.
Such watry Stores from their spread Nostrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky.

And now the stagg'ring *Braves*, led by Despair,
Advance, and to return the Charge, prepare.

Each seizes for his Shield an ample *Scale*,
 And the *Brass Weights* fly thick as Show'rs of Hail.
 Whole Heaps of Warriors welter on the Ground,
 With Gally-Pots, and broken Phials crown'd;
 And th' empty Vessels the Defeat resound.

Thus when some Storm its Crystal Quarry rends,
 And *Jove* in rattling Show'rs of *Ice* descends,
 Mount *Athos* shakes the Forests on his Brow,
 Whilst down his wounded Sides fresh Torrents
 And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er-spread the
 (Vale below.)

But now, all Order lost, promiscuous Blows
 Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the Battle grows,
 From *Stentor's* sinewy Arm an Opiat flies,
 And strait a deadly Sleep clos'd *Carus's* Eyes.
Chiron hit *Siphilus* with *Calomel*,
 And scaly Crusts from his maim'd Forehead fell.

At *Colon* great *Japix Rhubarb* flung, (stung;
 Who with fierce Gripes, like those of Death, was 200
 But with a dauntless and disdainful Mien
 Hurl'd back Steel Pills, and hit him on the Spleen.
Scribonius a vast *Eagle-stone* let fly
 At *Psylas*, but *Lucina* put it by.
 And *Querpo*, warm'd with more than mortal Rage,
 Sprung thro' the Battle, *Stentor* to engage.
 Fierce was the Onset, the Dispute was great,
 Both cou'd not vanquish, Neither wou'd retreat;
 Each Combatant his Adversary mauls
 With batter'd *Bed-pans*, and stav'd *Urinals*.
 But whilst bold *Stentor*, (as late Rumors tell,)
 Design'd a fatal stroke, the Hero fell;
 And as the Victor hov'ring o'er him stood,
 With Arms extended, thus the *Suppliant* su'd.

When

When Honour's lost, 'tis a Relief to die;
 Death's but a sure retreat from Infamy.
 But to the lost, if Pity might be shown,
 Reflect on young *Querpoides* thy Son;
 Then pity mine; for such an Infant-Grace
 Sports in his Eyes, and flatters in his Face.
 If he was by, Compassion he'd create,
 Or else lament his wretched Parent's Fate.
 Thine is the Glory, and the Field is thine;
 To Thee the lov'd *Dispens'ry* I resign.

The Chief at this the deadly Stroak declin'd,
 And found Compassion pleading in his Mind.
 But whilst he view'd with Pity the Distress'd,
 He spy'd * *Signetur* writ upon his Breast.
 Then tow'rd's the Skies he tofs'd his threat'ning Head,
 And fir'd with mortal Indignation, said;

* Those Members of the College that observe a late Statute, are call'd by the
Apothecaries Signetur Men.

Sooner

Sooner than I'll from vow'd Revenge desist,
 His *Holiness* shall turn a *Quietist*.
La Chaise shall with the *Jansenists* agree,
 The Inquisition wink at Heresie.
 Faith stand unmov'd thro' ^{his foot} ~~Shil~~'s Defence,
 And ~~L~~—~~k~~ for Mystery abandon Sense.

With that, unsheathing an Incision Knife,
 He offer'd at the prostrate *Stentor's* Life.
 But while his Thoughts that fatal Act decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of Fee.
 The *Chief* great *Pæan's* golden Tresses knew,
 He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew,

Thus often at the *Temple-Stairs* we've seen
 Two Tritons of a rough Athletick Mien,

Sowrly dispute some Quarrel of the Flood,
With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd in Blood.
But at the first appearance of a Fare
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

The Heroe so his Enterprize recalls,
His Fist unclinches, and the Weapon falls.

T H E

T H E

Dispensary.

C A N T O VI.

WHile the shrill Clangour of the Battle rings,
 Auspicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephir's*
 She seem'd a Cherub most divinely bright, ^{(Wings;}
 More soft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.
 A Charm she takes from each excelling Fair,
 And borrows *Cecilia's* Shape, and *G——ton's* Air.
 Her Eyes like *Ranelagh's* their Beams dispence,
 With *Cheshill's* Bloom, and *Barkley's* Innocence;
 From her bright Lips a vocal Musick falls,
 As to *Machaon* thus the Goddess calls.

Enough

(shown,
Enough th' Atchievement of your Arms you've
You seek a Triumph you shou'd blush to own.
Haste to th' *Elysian* Fields, those blest'd Abodes,
Where *Harvy* sits among the Demi-Gods.
Consult that sacred Sage, He'll soon disclose
The Method that must terminate these Woes.
Let *Celsus* for that Enterprize prepare,
His Conduct to the Shades shall be my Care.

Aghast the Heroes stood dissolv'd in Fear,
A Form so Heav'nly bright They cou'd not bear,
Celsus alone unmov'd, the Sight beheld,
The rest in pale Confusion left the Field.

So when the Pigmies, marshall'd on the Plains,
Wage puny War against th' invading Cranes;

The Poppets to their Bodkin Spears repair,
And scatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air.
But soon as e'er th' imperial Bird of *Jove*
Stoops on his founding Pinions from above,
Among the Brakes, the Fairy Nation crowds,
And the *Strimonian* Squadron seeks the Clouds.

And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the Wonders of the Realms below;
Then takes *Amomum* for the Golden Bough.
Thrice did the Goddess with her Sacred Wand
The Pavement strike; and strait at her Command
Th' obedient Surface opens, and descries
A deep Descent that leads to nether Skies.

* *Hygeia* to the silent Region tends;
And with his Heav'nly Guide the *Charge* descends.

* *Health.*

Within

Within the Chambers of the Globe they spy
The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lye,
'Till the glad Summons of a Genial Ray
Unbinds the Globe, and calls them out to Day.
Hence *Pancies* trick themselves in various Hew,
And hence *Junquils* derive their fragrant Dew.
Hence the *Carnation* and the bashful *Rose*
Their Virgin Blushes to the Morn disclose.
Hence Arbours are with twining Greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.
And hence on *Daphne's* verdant Temples grow
Immortal Wreaths for *Phæbus* and *Nassau*.

The Insects here their lingring Trance survive:
Benum'd they seem, and doubtful if alive.
From Winter's Fury hither they repair,
And stay for milder Skies and softer Air.

Down to these Cells obfcener Reptils creep;
Where hateful *Nutes* and painted *Lizzards* fleep.
Where fhiv'ring *Snakes* the Summer Solftice wait;
Unfurl their painted Folds, and flide in State.

Now, thofe profounder Regions they explore,
Where Metals ripen in vaft Cakes of Ore;
Here, fullen to the Sight, at large is fpread
The dull unweildy Mafs of lumpifh Lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are feen
The more aspiring Seeds of fprightly Tin.
The Copper fparkles next in ruddy Streaks;
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
The Silver then with bright and burnifh'd Grace,
Youth and a blooming Luftre in its Face,
To th' Arms of thofe more yielding Metals flies,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lies.

So close they cling, so stubbornly retire;
Their Love's more violent than the Chymist's Fire.

Near These the Delegate with Wonder spies
Where living Floods of Merc'ry serpentine:
Where richest Metals their bright Beams put on,
While Silver Streams thro' Golden Channels run.
Here he observes the Subterranean Cells,
Where wanton Nature sports in idle Shells.
Some *Helicoeids*, some *Conical* appear,
These, Miters emulate; Those, Turbans are:
Here Marcasites in various Figure wait,
To ripen to a true Metallick State:
Till Drops that from impending Rocks descend,
Their Substance petrifie, and Progress end.
Nigh, livid Seas of kindl'd Sulphur flow;
And, whilst enrag'd, their Fiery Surges glow:

Convulsions in the lab'ring Mountains rise,
Which hurl their melted Vitals to the Skies.

He views with Horror next the noisic Cave;
Where with hoarse dinn imprison'd Tempests rave:
Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.

And now the Goddess with her Charge descends,
Where scarce one chearful Glimpse their Steps be-
Here his forsaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps; (friends.
And undisturb'd by Form, in silence sleeps.
A grisly Wight, and hideous to the Eye;
An aukward Lump of shapeless Anarchy.
With fordid Age his Features are defac'd;
His Lands unpeopl'd, and his Countries waste.
Here Lumber, undeserving Light, is kept;
A P—p's Bill to this dark Region's swept:

Where Mushroom Libels silently retire;
 And, soon as born, with Decency expire.
 Upon a Couch of *Jett* in these Abodes,
 Dull *Night*, his melancholy Comfort, nods.
 No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ;
 But their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy.

Nigh this Recess, with Terror they survey,
 Where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannick Sway;
 In the close Covert of a Cypress Grove,
 Where *Goblins* frisk, and airy Spectres rove,
 Yawns a dark Cave, most formidably wide;
 And there the *Monarch's* Triumphs are descry'd.
 Within its dreadful Jaws those Furies wait,
 Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.

¹ *Febris* is first: The *Hag* relentless hears
 The Virgin's Sighs; and sees the Infant's Tears.

¹ *Feaver.*

In her parch'd Eye-balls fiery *Meteors* reign;
And restless Ferments revel in each Vein.

Then ²*Hydrops* next appears amongst the *Throng*;
Bloated, and big, she slowly sails along.
But, like a Miser, in Excess she's poor;
And pines for Thirst amidst her wat'ry Store.

Now loathsom ³*Lepra*, that offensive Spright,
With foul Eruptions stain'd, offends the Sight.
She's deaf to Beauty's soft-persuading Pow'r:
Nor can bright *Hebe's* Charms her Bloom secure.

Whilst meager ⁴*Phthisis* gives a silent Blow;
Her Stroaks are sure, but her Advances slow.
No loud Alarms, nor fierce Assaults are shown:
She starves the *Fortress* first; then takes the *Town*.

² Dropsie. ³ Leprosie. ⁴ Consumption.

Behind stood Crouds of much inferior Name,
Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name;
The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny:
Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

Now *Celsus*, with his glorious Guide, invades
The silent Region of the fleeting Shades:
Where Rocks and ruful Defarts are descry'd,
And fullen *Styx* rolls down his lazy Tide.
Then shews the Ferry-man the Plant he bore,
And claims his Passage to the further Shore.
To whom the *Stygian Pilot* smiling, said,
You need no Pass-port to demand our Aid.
Physicians never linger on this Strand:
Old *Charon's* present still at their Command,
Our awful Monarch and his Consort owe
To Them the Peopling of their Realms below.

Then

Then in his swarthy Hand he grasp'd his Oar,
Receiv'd his Guests aboard, and shov'd from Shoar.

Now, as the Goddess and her Charge prepare
To breath the Sweets of soft *Elysian* Air,
Upon the left they spy a penfive Shade,
Who on his bended Arm had rais'd his Head:
Pale Grief fate heavy on his mournful Look:
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus *Celsus* spoke:

Tell me, Thou much afflicted Shade, why Sighs
Burst from your Breast, and Torrents from your Eyes:
And who those mangl'd *Manes* are, which show
A fullen Satisfaction at your Woe?

Since, said the Ghost, with Pity you'll attend,
Know, I'm *Guiacum*, once your valu'd Friend.

And on this barren Beach in Discontent,
 Am doom'd to stay till th' angry Pow'rs relent.
 Those *Spectres* seam'd with Scars that threaten there,
 The Victims of my late ill Conduct are.
 They vex with endless Clamours my Repose:
 This wants his Palate; That demands his Nose;
 And here they execute stern *Pluto's* Will,
 To ply me ev'ry moment with a Pill.

Then *Celsus* thus: O much lamented State!
 How rigid is the Sentence you relate?
 Methinks I recollect your former Air,
 But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you ^{(were!}
 If Mortals e'er the *Stygian* Pow'rs cou'd bend;
 Entreaties to their awful Seats I'd send.
 But since no human Arts the Fates dissuade;
 Direct me how to find bless'd *Harvy's* Shade.

In vain th' unhappy Ghost still urg'd his stay;
Then rising from the Ground, he shew'd the way.

Nigh the dull Shoar a shapeless Mountain stood,
That with a dreadful Frown survey'd the Flood.
Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on,
No frisking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone.
To gain the Summit the bright Goddess try'd,
And *Celsus* follow'd, by degrees, his Guide.

Th' Ascent thus conquer'd, now They tow'r on
And taste th' Indulgence of a milder Sky. (high,
Loose *Breezes* on their airy Pinions play,
And with refreshing Sweets perfume the way.
Cold Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide;
And as They pass, their painted Banks they chide.
These blissful Plains no Blights, nor Mildews fear,
The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here.

The

The *Delegate* observes, with wond'ring Eyes,
 Ambrosial Dews descend, and Incense rise.
 Then hastens onward to the pensive Grove,
 The silent Mansion of disastrous Love.
 No Winds but Sighs are there, no Floods but Tears,
 Each conscious Tree a Tragick Signal bears.
 Their wounded Bark records some broken Vow,
 And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.

His Mistress here in solitude he found,
 Her down-cast Eyes fix'd on the silent Ground:
 Her Dress neglected, and unbound her Hair,
 She seem'd the mournful Image of Despair.
 How lately did this celebrated *Thing*
 Blaze in the Box, and sparkle in the Ring,
 'Till the Green-sickness and Love's force betray'd
 To Death's remorseless Arms th' unhappy Maid.

Cold and confus'd the guilty Lover stood,
The Light forsook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood;
An icy Horror shiver'd in his Look,
Then softly in these gentle Words, He spoke:

Tell me, dear Shade, from whence such anxious care,
Your Looks disorder'd, and your Bosom bare?
Why thus you languish like a drooping Flow'r,
Crush'd by the weight of some unfriendly Show'r?
Your languid Looks, your late ill Conduct tell,
O that instead of Trash you'd taken Steel!

Then as he strove to clasp the fleeting *Fair*,
His empty Arms confess'd th' impassive Air.
From his Embrace th' unbody'd Spectre flies,
And as she mov'd, she chid him with her Eyes.

They

They hasten now to that delightful Plain,
Where the glad *Manes* of the Bless'd remain:
Where *Harvy* gathers Simples to bestow
Immortal Youth on Heroe's Shades below.
Soon as the bright *Hygeia* was in view,
The Venerable Sage her Presence knew.
Thus He——

Hail, blooming Goddess! Thou propitious Pow'r,
Whose Blessings Mortals next to Life implore.
Such Graces in your Heav'nly Eyes appear,
That Cottages are Courts when you are there.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown.
With just Resentments and Contempt you see
The mean Dissentions of the Faculty;

How

How sick'ning Physick hangs her pensive Head,
And what was once a Science, now's a Trade.
Her Son's ne'er rifle her Mysterious Store,
But study Nature less, and Lucre more.

I shou'd of old, how vital Currents glide,
And the *Meanders* of their refluent Tide.
Then, *Willis*, why spontaneous Actions here,
And whence involuntary Motions there:
And how the Spirits, by Mechanick Laws,
In wild Careers, tumultuous Riots cause.
Nor wou'd our *Wharton*, *Ent*, and *Glisson* lye
In the Abyfs of blind Obscurity.
But now such wond'rous Searches are forborn,
And *Pæan*'s Art is by Divisions torn.
Then let your *Charge* attend, and I'll explain
How Physick her lost Lustre may regain.

Haste,

Haste, and the matchless *Atticus* Address,
 From Heav'n, and great *Nassau* he has the Mace.
 Th' oppress'd to his *Asylum* still, repair;
 Arts he supports, and Learning is his care.
 He softens the harsh rigour of the Laws,
 Blunts their keen Edge, and cuts their Harpy Claws;
 And graciously he casts a pitying Eye
 On the sad state of virtuous Poverty.
 When-e'er he speaks, Heav'ns! how the list'ning
 Dwells on the melting Musick of his Tongue.
 His Arguments are th' Emblems of his Mien,
 Mild, but not faint; and forcing, tho' serene;
 And when the Pow'r of Eloquence He'd try,
 Here, Lightning strikes you; there, soft Breezes sigh.

To him you must your sickly State refer,
 Your Charter claims him as your Visiter.

Your

Your Wounds he'll close, and sov'reignly restore
Your Science to the height it had before.

Then *Nassau's* Health shall be your glorious Aim,
His Life shou'd be as lasting as His Fame.

Some Princes Claims from Devastations spring,
He condescends in pity to be King:

And when, amidst his *Olives* plac'd, He stands,
And governs more by Candour than Commands:

Ev'n then not less a Heroe he appears,
Than when his *Laurel* Diadem he wears.

Wou'd but *Apollo* some great Bard inspire
With sacred veh'mence of Poetick Fire;
To celebrate in Song that God-like Pow'r,
Which did the lab'ring Universe restore;
Fair *Albion's* Cliffs wou'd Eccho to the Strain,
And praise the Arm that Conquer'd, to regain
The Earth's Repose, and Empire o'er the Main. }

Still may th' immortal Man his Cares repeat,
 To make his Blessings endless as they're great:
 Whilst *Malice* and *Ingratitude* confess
 They've strove for Ruin long without success.

Had some fam'd Heroe of the *Latin* Blood,
 Like *Julius* Great, and like *Octavius* Good,
 But thus preserv'd the *Latian* Liberties,
 Aspiring Columns soon had reach'd the Skies:
 And whilst the Capitol with *Io's* shook,
 The Statues of the Guardian Gods had spoke.

No more the Sage his Raptures cou'd pursue:
 He paus'd; and *Celsus* with his Guide withdrew.

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